

"Close-Up"

a nearer point of view

VOL. VII, NO. 2.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., FEBRUARY 5th, 1922

TEN CENTS A COPY



H. H. VAN LOAN

SCREEN AUTHOR

Among his latest Produced Successes are the following: "Fightin' Mad," "Bring Him In," "Winning With Wits" and "Ridin' Wild."

A MAGAZINE OF MOVIE-LAND

Hollywood Low-Down From the Heights

(Another Letter from an Original Femininist.—The Editor.)

Ruth Lowree Smart

Dear Boss Man:

Whoops Kitty! Altitude Forever! "them's my sentiments." Honest Boss Man—I'm up here on top of the kippiest piece of real-estate ever dubbed a mountain. I can actually breathe up here. I can't even hear the wild faggots calling their mates from Hollywood Blvd., and the only stars I gaze upon are the twinkling ones in the firmament. And I have really acknowledged that the stimulant of the Milky Way is far better than the aftermath of drug store gin.

Yep! before you, you may cast your optics on the latest thing in the shape of a reformed man-hunter. I shall again "jump into my barrel," grab the prop pen and "Camera—action" will find me doing my ozone bit in that great comedy "Ruthie, the 'zoftic' blue-sock," or "Love and Starvation vs. Work and Hot Victuals."

"Now as I was saying," after you "ritzed" me in the Alexandria that "last" time and gave me that last remaining northeast section of Hades that you had been holding out on me, by telling me "I ought to be ashamed of myself to waste my talents (can you hear the raspberrying from the side lines?) and quit my loafing and go to work"—did I absorb your chatter? Nay! Why really B. M., I felt sorry for you, for I knew then that you couldn't understand my "warm southern nature." "I sez to myself sez I, sez I"—I wish that fair Goddess of Love, "Aphry," would clutch him to her amorous bosom once—maybe he would forget his landlord, office and favorite bootlegger and cavorting around a bit with some dashing "dry-goods," he might thaw out for once and get a little "human." "Pardonez moi," as the French would say, "my mistake, and your error." 'Tis a short story, dear B. M., so drape yourself on mother's knee and harken.

When I returned to "my California" with my little buddy Glad (who formerly graced the Universal lot a few years back), she decided to again "wreck a home," "make vamping pay" or "steal the papers," for you see she had "did the heavy" in many a censored celluloid—she—well—nuff of that. Any ho, we took a cottage in a bungalow court here in Hollywood. Ye Gods! Shades of a purple past! What a career! Outside of just interviewing the pampered pets of a "flimsy" colony, I never before had guzzled java in John's with them—but now—well, this is another episode.

My reindeer broke a leg and I had to borrow a pal's snow-shoes to get through this last drift, and here we are at last high

and dry. Why B. M., that sweet scented crowd of Midnight Sons and Daughters have been the cause of our having to vacate more premises than a sea-gull on shore leave. Why our reputation for hectic parties was so great that the minute we walked into a bungalow court the landlord would flash the "No Vacancy" sign before we could articulate.

This bunch of anti-volsteaders here in Hollywood think their entrance fee to your hacienda is a bottle of embalming fluid and its alright if they happen to have played in several other flats at the midnight hour and then you come on the list for an encore about 2 P. X. Then they want you to put on your company manners and come out and "ride into the dawn."

One prominent director of western productions whom we both know, one night rode through our court on a horse, right up on the porch and rang our door bell—shouting at the top of his voice, "Ride 'em, cowboy." Needless to say, the landlord didn't even wait to take his night-cap off, but refunded the rent that night and turned us out on the cold, cruel universe. Why, we got so we didn't even unpack our trunk after we oozed into a domicile. We usually stayed just long enough to sit on the ostermoor a couple of times, fill the bath-tub and pull the plug; then call the expressman to move our trunks. We were always "welcome as death" after we lived in any place a week.

The aforesaid little fun frolickers are so original in their ideas of a "helluva" time. They begin to assemble at your cave about 11 p. m., at 1 a. m. all the regulars have reported, and a few straggling volunteers bring up the rear about 2:00—by 3:30 the same stereotyped, moth-eaten "have you heard this one" has been told again, and by 4:30 we stagger en masse into Frank's. Greetings are exchanged with the other gutter pups, and at 5:30 we save the milkman a trip to our back door by bringing it in ourselves. We then would keep our last date and sleep in the soothing arms of that dear boy (call your shot) Morpheus (no, he don't run a restaurant) until maybe 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon. Then about 3:00 a few of the "deah" boys who had to take their wives out to dinner would shimmy in to dish the latest, then dash madly away about 5:00, as the gates of the penitentiary closed at 5:30 and if they weren't there—well, you know, no liberty for a week. Yes, yes, go on—well, about this time one of the "deah" girls who hadn't been eating regularly would just "drop in for a minute"—it of course being dinner

(Continued on Third Cover Page)

LETTERS OF CONVICTS SHOW THEY ENJOY THE PHOTOPLAYS

It is a common practice of big motion picture companies to send photodramas to penal institutions for showing to the inmates. Comments by prisoner spectators always are interesting, although not always flattering. The following letter just received by Goldwyn from N. L. Burdick, correspondence clerk at Clinton Prison, is self-explanatory. The letter:

"Since I wrote you Monday advising that the film of 'The Old Nest' which we had just used was being returned, I have heard so many favorable comments on the picture that I decided to again write regarding same.

"As correspondence clerk of this institution, all letters written by or to the men pass through my office for censoring. This week we had at least 2,000 letters and I believe that over 75 per cent of the mail commented upon the showing of this picture. With one exception, all have spoken in the highest terms, advising their friends or relatives to attend the same if shown in their city or home town. The one whom I have mentioned above stated, 'Gee, we have just witnessed the showing of a sad picture. It didn't have much of a plot or thrills but it made us fellows sad. It knocked me out completely and when I got back to my room I felt like crying. It sure reminded me of the days gone by and while I enjoyed it, I hope they won't show another picture while I am here that will hit home so strongly.'

"The favorable remarks were many, such as, 'You ought to see us cut-throats cry.' 'My throat is sore yet from the effect of seeing this film; it near choked me to witness some of the scenes.' 'Be sure and take mother to see 'The Old Nest,' the grandest picture I have ever seen.' 'If you can get sister to go with you and see 'The Old Nest,' perhaps it will make her think more of home and mother;' and many more such comments." Reginald Barker produced this masterpiece.

THE RIGHT IDEA

Joseph M. Schenck is one American producer who is not worrying about foreign pictures. Mr. Schenck, who releases the photoplays starring Norma and Constance Talmadge as well as Buster Keaton's comedies through First National, says:

"We do not even take a vital interest in the matter of a high duty on films made in Europe. For the experience of those who have gone into the European markets to purchase films has been that very few pictures made over there are available for the American exhibitor.

"The types of the actors and actresses are not even possible except in costume pieces, for it would be as useless to attempt to cast a Frenchman or a German as the leading man in a western drama as it would be to try to make a typical American mother out of a Hungarian 'frau.'

"If American producers obtained pictures from the European field, they would be compelled to take their own actors to Europe and even then the difference in scenery, architecture and appearance in towns and cities would render the experiment liable to failure."

"FOR LOVE OF MONEY"

After many months of concentrated effort on the part of Mack Sennett and his staff of assistants, the final touches have been put to "For Love or Money," the latest achievement of the great comedy producer. This production is listed as the second Sennett feature for release through the distributing channels of the Associated First National pictures.

"For Love or Money" is an original story of love, romance and adventure, and was directed by F. Richard Jones, with an all-star cast headed by George O'Hara and Kathryn McGuire. The rest of the well balanced cast of prominent screen personalities are Noah Beery, Ethel Grey Terry, Billy Bevan, Mildred June, Ben Deely, Dot Farley, Robert Cain, Herbert Standing and Eddie Gribbon.

KEEPING AT IT

One of the best indications of the times (especially during this unusual depression in the film world), regarding an actor's ability as a screen star, is when that certain individual keeps busy, and you note that his pictures are in demand. This happens to be the case with Roy Stewart, the idol of innumerable "fans" in western characterizations. Two of his latest offerings seem bound for success when released, the latest being Peter B. Kyne's story, "BACK TO YELLOW JACKET," which was directed by Ben Wilson at the Berwillia Film Studios. Mr. Stewart was supported by an all-star cast, including the beautiful Kathleen Kirkham, Jack Pratt, Earl Metcalf, et al.. Previously Roy played the feature role in "RIDIN' WILD," a successor to "Fightin' Mad," both from the thinking pen of H. H. Van Loan. The former is a Hugh B. Evans production to be released by the Sol Lessor interests. Bob Thornby directed it from the foregoing you can readily see that this depression doesn't include Roy, who is at present "shooting" on another feature under the kindly supervision of Ben Wilson at the Berwillia company's plant.

CAMERAMAN PROMOTED

Another cameraman has started up the ladder of directorial fame.

This time it is Gus Peterson, chief cinematographer of Benjamin B. Hampton productions, who has been elevated to the list of directorial associates of the noted producer.

The untimely death of Elliot Howe, who with Jean Hersholt and Dick Rush formed the Hampton staff of associated directors, left a vacancy and the work of Peterson as an artistic and ideal cameraman caused his promotion.

Phil Rosen, now directing Wallace Read, Edward Kull of Universal and Fred Granville, now making films in England, represent three other cinematographers who have been crowned with the directorial megaphone and have made good.

YOUR CINEMA FAVORITES



In Confidence

Maurice Tourneur announces that the following is the complete cast of "Lorna Doone," which he is now producing for First National release at the Thomas H. Ince studios: Madge Bellamy, John Bowers, Frank Keenan, Joan Standing, Jack MacDonald, Mary Giraci, Charles Hatton, Robert Chandler, Irene de Voss, Donald MacDonald and Norris Johnson. This film is in its fifth week.

GIRLS DO CHANGE

Several years ago E. Mason Hopper was directing a company for Essanay in a downtown alley. He saw a curious-eyed youngster in pigtails and with long legs watching him. He said:

"Run along, little girl. We can't have children around when we are working."

The "little girl" was Helen Ferguson, who was his leading lady in "Hungry Hearts," just finished by Goldwyn.

SHOOTING STARS

A sharpshooter was being engaged for "Yellow Men and Gold," Gouverneur Morris' romantic Goldwyn melodrama. The gunman said he wanted \$15 a day. When it was explained to him that he was to sprinkle with bullets the water in which Dix was boating. It was necessary that the missiles strike within a few feet of the actor.

"Well, if I'm going to take that chance, I'll have to have \$25 a day," said the sharpshooter.

Dix was under the impression that he was taking the big risk.

"I want to start in at the bottom," said Chandler to Mr. Neilan, and the producer of "Penrod," who has a broad sense of humor, put Chandler to painting the floor of the studio stage. Just last week Chandler was promoted to a prop carrying job. He's on the way up.

Pauline Curley states "That competition is the strife of life."

A VERY SHORT STORY

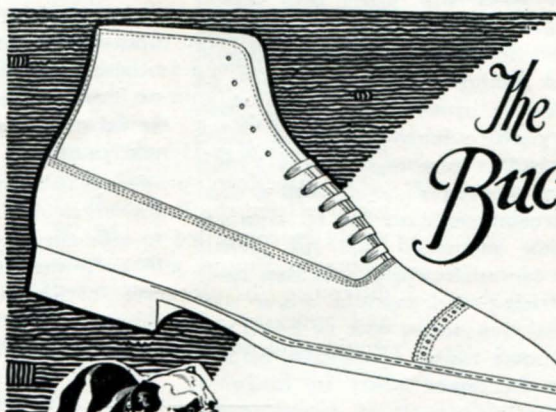
By Dustin Farnum

"Oh, let's say their names were Jack and Jill and go on with the story."

Jack and Jill are really dearly in love with each other. Strange, isn't it? Jack is working very hard to save enough money so they can marry. He is a clerk in a wholesale plumbing house and Jill is a clerk also, but in a department store. They often went to the movies, but Jill objected to riding in the subways. She suggested that Jack try and get a car some way. He did and Jill was very much pleased. Now they go to the movies and for a ride in the park on Sundays. Jill says it's the cutest little light delivery truck she ever saw.



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NIGHT LIFE IN L. A.

(By "The Rounder")

ALEXANDRIA GRILL — Abramson's orchestra in sharps and flats. A jazzy melody or two with few to listen.

HARLEQUIN THEATRE — Home talent version of "School for Scandal." Coffee and— between acts to prevent Morpheus from stealing the lines.

BROADWAY PAN — Will Morrissey's Revue with girls, costumes, music and things.

LOWE'S STATE — Vaudeville beginning to perk up to what Nat Holt wants. Pictures always good. Orchestra ditto.

MISSION — Reviewed in this issue.

PALAIS ROYAL — Food, music, undraped dancers, cover charges and waiters owning limousines.

VICTOR HUGO — Up one flight in height it is, but down to the bottom of the pocket going back down.

WINTER GARDEN — Grover Frankie Revue to entertain while you sip or bite as fancy chooses. Ruth Edell, Rose Perfect, Hazel Goodrea, Isabel Bryant and Mae McRae as attractions. For a real jazz orchestra give me this one.

GRAUMAN'S — Beautiful architecture, rich draperies and hangings, marvelously costumed usherettes, a seat doo-dad that tells you when there are seats empty (for all the good it does you), Murtagh at the organ. Oh, yes, they show a picture, too.

RIALTO — The home of the super-feature. De Mille's Saturday Night now holding the boards. Very good. Bob Blair our idea of a genial host.

KINEMA — Pictures, a new organ, a symphonic orchestra and beautiful environment. Hope Hampton in "Star Dust," a cosmopolitan production which could be worse.

SUPERBA — George Evans working hard to put over Universal pictures. He could do it if there was any hope at all. "Rangers Reward," piffle, directed by Ed. Laemmle.

CALIFORNIA — "I Accuse." And so do I. Poorly cut foreign production, which otherwise would be very excellent.

MILLER'S — Reviewed in this issue.

JAHNKE'S TAVERN — I wouldn't.

GROTESQUE TAVERN — It is.

CINDERELLA ROOF — Rudy Weidof and his "Californians" playing dance music. A big fountain where one may dance and drink fountain tidbits. No food, no cover charge.

COCOANUT GROVE — Maurice, the great, and Lenore Hughes showing how it is done. The original pupils of old Terpsich herself. Food, etc., at exorbitant prices. Some one must pay Maurice's salary. You do.

GREEN MILL — It costs nothing to look at from the outside and it is very pretty. It is pretty inside but it costs more to see.

MOONLIGHT GARDENS* — Pick a night when the police don't.

SUNSET INN — On the road to Santa Monica. If it's still there.

(It's getting tough for the boys. People are beginning to believe that the time has come for Ginger Ale to sell for less than a dollar an ounce. Harry Gerson promises to read this column and tell the editor what he thinks of it.) Bon Nuit!

In a very short time Gloria Swanson will have completed "Beyond the Rocks," under the direction of Sam Wood, and will then begin work on "The Gilded Cage," also under Mr. Wood's direction.

* * *

Thomas Meighan, under the direction of Alfred Green, finished last week "The Proxy Daddy," which Olga Printzlau adapted from Edward Peple's novel. About February 6th he will begin work on "Our Leading Citizen" by George Ade, adapted by Waldemar Young, a story written especially for the Paramount star by the noted humourist. Lois Wilson will have the feminine lead in this picture and Mr. Green will again direct.

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New York Office
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....Flickerings From Flickerland....



MR. JOHN A. QUINN
President

M. P. T. ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD.
(The Creed of which is here reproduced.
Mr. Quinn has always represented the highest ideals of the Motion Picture Industry.—
The Editor.)

"The M. P. T. Association of the World is a non-profit membership organization composed of the Motion Picture People, Public and Theatrical Profession, for wholesome, artistic entertainment at reasonable admission prices.

"1. To discourage the production and presentation of objectionable motion pictures and plays.

"2. To offer constructive suggestions and criticisms making for greater popular approval and support.

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"8. To encourage and help through a service department of experts the production and presentation of motion pictures and plays which the whole family will enjoy.

"9. To prevent as far as possible unfair criticism and propaganda from being circulated against the motion picture and theatrical business and its people."

When Lon Chaney was eleven years old he began his theatrical career by hiring out as a stage hand, in spite of protests from his family, at a theatre in his home town, Colorado Springs. He was paid twenty-five cents a night.

* * *

"Cock-eyed Cecelia" is the name of Ben Turpin's dog.

TULLY EMPHASIZES BITS

In all of his many successful stage productions Richard Walton Tully has always insisted that the same high quality of staging and casting be followed in the smallest road company as he had in his Metropolitan troupe. Consequently, "a Tully Production" has become a byword in the theatrical world for all-around excellence. Similarly, since he has entered the film world he is now starring Guy Bates Post, America's most distinguished actor, in "The Masquerader," their joint screen debut—Tully is religiously maintaining the reputation he has earned on the stage. The production is sumptuous, yet nowhere gaudy, and artistic in every detail.

Casting of the so-called bits in the photoplay has been done with meticulous care. For example, Lawson Butt, famous for his work in "The Miracle Man" and in "Earthbound," and one of filmland's finest actors—is playing a rather minor role in "The Masquerader." But he is not wasted in the part; he gives a distinction that truly portrays the man who is one of England's most powerful newspaper publishers. Similarly, Herbert Standing, also an accomplished actor of the speaking stage and the films, depicts another personage in the photoplay whose role would ordinarily have been entrusted to a minor actor. But this is not Tully's way and the result will be seen in the film when it is shown on our screens; Standing's characterization is convincing in his part of a middle-aged British politician of the highest order.

In fact, it seems unfair to the players to designate any of the roles in "The Masquerader" as "bits" or "minor parts," for all of the members of the cast in this picture are players of repute and are giving characterizations that are superlative in their quality. The balance of Guy Bates Post's supporting company includes Edward M. Kimball, Ruth Sinclair, Marcia Manon, Barbara Tennant, Kenneth Gibson, Thelma Morgan and Michael Dark. James Young is directing; Wilfred Buckland is the art director, and Georges Benoit is the cinematographer for Tully.



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"But My Mood Changes

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Ragtime
Chocolates"

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Ten years ago, when a two-reel picture was a feature production, one of the film's brightest stars was Barbara Tennant, then with Eclair. After seven years of absence, she is only now returning to the screen via Guy Bates Post's production of "The Masquerader," now being filmed by Richard Walton Tully. Added interest in Miss Tennant's return is the fact that Georges Benoit, her camera man of the old days, is also acting as cinematographer for "The Masquerader," in which Miss Tennant will be seen as Robins, a devoted landlady.

PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

Moving Along In Movie-Land

ADOLPHE JEAN MENJOU

Norman Talmadge's leading man in her present picture is an accomplished story teller, very much in demand for his dialect stories. Here's his favorite:

Gainsburg, a shoe dealer, went to the bank to get a note of \$15,000 extended. He got the ice. The cashier positively refused to do a thing for him.

The conversation in dialect, ran something like this:

"You positively won't extend my note? Gainsburg inquired.

"Absolutely not. I've been in the banking business 30 years and never yet extended a note."

"That's positive, is it?"

"Absolutely. I'm a banker. I've never been in any other business and I don't intend to extend that note."

"You've been a banker 30 years and you say you've never been in any other business?"

"No."

"Well, Monday you'll be in the shoe business."

If you know more than your wife, exclaims C. Theuerkauf, keep it in.

COURTING OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By Arthur Bernstein

Yesterday

He courted her in a beautiful garden that was roman itself. He pleaded as if he really meant it. She wept a little and was really in love. Then she looked at the stars; they were wonderful and he was wonderful—to her—just like a dream. Yes, she would marry him and after a short time and moments of silence, she said she would.

Today

He courts her in a snappy twin six that isn't paid for. The car helps him to be a likeable chap. He drives her down to 45th and Broadway and asks her to marry him, just to be doing something in the middle of the heavy traffic. She gets excited while looking at a set of fox furs and says yes as he turns the corner on two wheels.

Thomas Coates and his charming wife recently returned from New York via the Panama Canal. They are now residing on Franklin avenue.



BARTINE BURKETT
Ingenué in Comedies

The continuity of Marshall Neilan's next production, "Fools First," has been finished. Shooting began this week. Meanwhile "Freckles" Barry is touring the East with "Penrod."

A Popular I. Miller Shoe The "SCANDAL"



—It would seem untrue that one style in particular should have the ability, in loveliness and delicacy, to out-step any or many of the little models designed and made by I. Miller.

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LITTLE BROTHERS

OF THE STARS

Actresses' kid brothers cause their "big sisters" a lot of worriment.

Colleen Moore's younger brother, Cleeve, was taken to the hospital last week with appendicitis. Next morning after the operation Colleen found him sitting up in bed smoking a cigarette.

"I hear 'The Lotus Eater' was packing them in downtown," said Cleeve. And then, as an afterthought, "It should, with you in it, 'sis.'"

"Buddy" is the 16-year-old brother of Marguerite de la Motte. "Buddy" is attending military school and upon returning home last week for a short vacation brought with him twelve or fourteen of his boy friends.

"These guys," he explained to his sister by way of introduction, "want to get into moving pictures. You tell 'em what I told 'em."

"Marjorie Daw's brother, Chandler, recently finished high school and announced firmly to the Daw family that he was going to be a producer of motion pictures. Yep, and Marshall Neilan gave him a job, too.

MORE BUNK HEARD AT THE ALEXANDRIA

By Jimmie Quinn

"I refused five hundred a week."

"I wouldn't play with her for anything."

"I could write a better story than that."

"I don't see how he gets away with that stuff."

"I could act better than that."

"Have you a cigarette?"

"I was asked to dinner by Miss —."

"Will you lend me a five?"

"I just signed a contract for five years."

"Have you a cigarette?"

"I'm building a house of my own."

"Can you let me have two dollars?"

"I'm gonna start my own company."

"Yes, I'm to be starred."

"No, I haven't a cigarette and I can't lend you five."

HARRY BURNS AT IT AGAIN

When Harry Burns started recently with Little Napoleon, the famous chimpanzees as director, he started to produce the third of a series of comedies, in which such an animal was the star.

Commencing with Joe Martin for the Universal, he then took up the handling of Snooke for Chester studios, and Little Napoleon is taking directions from Director Burns at the Morris R. Schrank studios.

Burns has signed a contract to produce three pictures which will be made along the same lines of the pictures he made for the other organizations, and from the way the monkey is performing with Walter Wilkinson, Dorothy Vernon, Max Asher, Lillian Biron, Jimmy Parrott, Clarence Menicke, Fritz Fern, Clarence Morehouse and others there will be a great demand for a continuance of the series.

SAVING MONEY

I seek not marble statues,
Or monuments of granite.
I only wish to leave a verse
That you may later scan it.

And when you do—perhaps you'll think,

"Well, well, the thought is pretty."
Wherein I leave in printer's ink
A paragraph that's witty.

By M. L.



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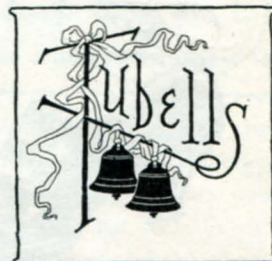
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Dorothy Brown tells this one: A woman exclaimed to her lover—"I wouldn't know what to do with a master." The lover, being in a gallant mood, answered, "Make a slave of him, my dear."

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:-: Trailing Motion Picture Stars :-:

OLD FRIENDS MEET

It has been a long time since Edith Johnson, co-star, with her husband, William Duncan, saw her volatile and charming friend, Mrs. Ruth Trevor. Well, at this writing the latter is safely ensconced with the hospitable domicile of the Vitagraph stars. Mrs. Trevor is a vivacious brunette, and she hails from Buffalo, New York, and as she is very fond of Edith, it's natural that her friend, with the willing assistance of her husband, should place the City of Los Angeles at her disposal. We doubt very much if the eastern visitor will have missed anything pertaining to "life as she is here" when she decides after a few weeks to return to the city immortalized by song. (You remember the name of it—"Put Me Off at Buffalo.") Well, anyway, these two friends are enjoying each other's company to the hilt, and as we have met both, we venture to think that there will be a great deal of mutual regrets when they must really part.

February 6th is the starting date for Wallace Reid's new Paramount picture, "The Dictator," in which Lila Lee will have the feminine lead. James Cruze will direct this photoplay.

* * *

Mary Miles Minter is resting at home following the strenuous scenes which marked the close of "The Heart Specialist," her Realart picture for Famous Players-Lasky, which Frank Urson directed.

* * *

Splendid progress is being made on Jack White's fifth Mermaid comedy being filmed at United Studios for Educational. Lige Conley is featured. In the cast are Elinor Lynn, Cliff Bowes, Jack Lloyd, Otto Friese and others. Bob Kerr is directing. Ed Ghellers is in charge of the camera.

Locations on Lookout Mountain, Griffith Park and the Third street tunnel have all been "shot" already.

* * *

Ray Gray has joined the Hamilton-White forces at United Studios and is assisting Director Bob Kerr.

* * *

Jack Lloyd says, "Tell 'em I am back in Mermaids."

FORMER GERMAN RAIDER IN HOLUBAR PICTURE

The former German raider, "Oregon," which was seized by the United States Government during the war and interned at San Francisco, is being used by Allen Holubar in the filming of his current production, "The Soul Seeker," in which Dorothy Phillips is starred. The vessel, which is a three master schooner with auxiliary motor, is now known as the "Apollo." It belongs to an Alaskan fur trading company, but has been specially chartered to Mr. Holubar for his picture. When the "Oregon" was seized she was found to carry a wireless with a six-thousand-mile radius, probably the most powerful instrument of its kind ever installed on a craft of any size. Mr. Holubar has sent word to his offices at United Studios that he is now in Mexican waters and will return in about a week.

REAL ESTATE TO REEL-STATE

Nigel Barrie, well known leading man of the screen world, is playing opposite to Katherine MacDonald in her current production for Associated First National. This is the third time Mr. Barrie has played with Miss MacDonald and is a record for leading men with this widely liked screen star.

A few months ago Mr. Barrie, under the impression that the motion picture profession was overcrowded and that the business world offered better and greater opportunities for fortune upbuilding deserted the studio and opened a real estate office in Pasadena.

After a brief experience he came to the conclusion that there are not nearly so many actors in Southern California as there are real estate agents, which conclusion will account for the clever actor's recent return to motion pictures.



CLARA HORTON

Screen Ingenue Celebrity

PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

Shadows From the Silver Sheet

GOSSIP BY THE ROUNDER

GOD'S WILL

It is with extreme regret we record the "PASSING" of that true mother and life companion of Benjamin B. Hampton. This sad event occurred January 25th. Besides thousands of sincere mourning friends, she leaves behind five sorrowing sons and daughters, and a bereaved husband. "Close-Up" extends its sincere sympathy to the entire Hampton family.

PUTTING ONE OVER

Here's a clever twist of words by Harry Wurzburger, one of the firm of the Kissel car agency, in reference to "The Lotus Eater" which played at a local theatre:

H. W.—"Why does the Kinema headliner remind you of an underslung Earl Roadster?"

F. C. Conrath (sales manager)—"Haven't any idea. Why?"

H. W.—"Because it's a LOW TWO SEATER" (Lotus Eater).

And then Fred fainted.

THE "VAMP" ENTERS

By Antonio Moreno

I dreamed, and dreamed some more,
I dreamed a dream—ne'er dream't be forc.

A "Vamp" slipped in my pleasant sleep—

She lured me so—my flesh would creep.

I then awoke, and found that you
As usual—were still untrue.

Harry Carter remarks: "That a man and cider are similar; there's a kick in each."

BOHEMIAN BUNK

By Four Famous Film Folk

A movie—actress asked—some other—movie folk—to go on—a picnic—they did—and were having—more darn—fun—when it rained—and they got wet—as people usually do—when it rains—but what funny—weather for—sunny California—cried the New York—actors—as they—stood dripping—with water—

* * *

We've often wondered—where the movie stars—get all—their beautiful gowns—but at last—we know—just where—most of them—come from—and that—is the wardrobe—department—in the studio—not so thrilling—after all—

* * *

Some people—still think—that it was—an Irish comedian—who first thought—of throwing bricks—in the comedies—but we are informed—otherwise—some people—are wrong—it was just—an ordinary—gag artist—

* * *

We—read a funny—thing—in the papers—the other—night—it said—Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven in "Twin Beds" for one night only—there's no doubt—about it—it did sound—er—funny—

* * *

Editor's Note: The first and second spasm were written by Bert Lytell and Anita Stewart. The third and fourth outbursts were written by "Bernie" Durning and Shirley Mason.

Miss Roxye Maes, assistant director under Fred Caldwell of the Commonwealth Motion Picture Producers, who in company with Miss Dorothea Grey met with a severe accident ten days ago, is now resting easily at her home in Glendale, attended by Dr. Taylor.

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PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

On Strips of Celluloid

PERT POINTS

NO ALIBI HERE

While the majority of local studios are alibi-ing why they are not running full blast, the Vitagraph company goes on its merry way in musical activity. The latest company, under Dave Smith, will shortly begin screening "Shaggrue," a well known Irish story. So far the following have been selected by Mr. Smith for principal parts: Jim Farley, who is recognized as one of the cleverest actors on the screen; Pat O'Malley, Nick Cogley, James Clark and Pauline Stark as the feminine lead, and others.

Lloyd Hughes let his beard and hair grow for four months before beginning work in "The Brotherhood of Hate," which is now being made for First National release at the Thomas H. Ince studios.

* * *

Jacqueline Logan and Patsy Ruth Miller, both of whom recently acquired Goldwyn contracts, declare their ambition is to direct instead of act.

* * *

Following a few days' rest, Ben Turpin and Phyllis Haver started work again in "The Robin's Nest," the third Mack Sennett-Ben Turpin special for release through Associated First National.

* * *

Charles Ray has begun an untitled production, his thirteenth for First National release. The following players have been chosen for the cast: Wallace Beery, William Scott, Barbara Bedford, Harvey Clark, Robert Fernandez and Carl Miller.

* * *

When Helen Ferguson started in pictures she did mob scenes for two years with never a close-up. Now she gets Close-Ups regularly.

* * *

Maurice B. Flynn: "I say, ole chap, have you any corn about you?"

Neal Hart: "No. Why?"

Maurice B. Flynn: "Here come some chickens."

* * *

More information from Jean Acker: The stage door population of New York and Hollywood are somewhat in favor of the former.

MOTION PICTURES ARE A BOON TO THE MENTALLY STARVED

They Have Rescued Race From Spiritual Darkness and Bondage

By Basil King, Eminent Author

The existing motion picture industry, as compared with what it is destined to become, seems to me at about the stage of a plant just breaking above the soil, as compared with the tree in its full growth. We shall never, I think, see the capacity of the motion picture until we detach it altogether from its brothers of the same family, the written book and the acted play. There has been a tendency to see the screen version of a book or a play merely as an illustration. In reality the function of the screen is to do what the book cannot do and what the stage play cannot do. The novel has its own function, and the stage play has its function; but the motion picture has a field which was never occupied until light was harnessed to the task.

For the present, however, the screen play seems to me to find its greatest place in bringing imaginative stimulus to the millions and millions of simple people, who had hitherto been obliged to go without that prime essential of life. It must never be forgotten that the imagination is that power in the human mind which enables us to live life abundantly.

There is such a thing as having life in low degree, and also such a thing as having it in high degree. The imaginative faculty may be said to be that which determines the quantity of life which we individually possess. Those who have rich imaginations live largely; those whose imaginations are starved live poorly, feebly, in hampered conditions, with little outlook, and with almost no margin of life except in the direction of the sensual or criminal. Those of us whose imaginations have, all our lives, been fed by travel, reading, the theatre, or some other form of art, have no conception of the impoverished mental state of the immense majority, not only of the poor people of the world, but of our home-born Americans. What they have got from books and the theatre, from art in general, has always been meager, never enough to satisfy the cravings

of the average healthy nature. Now comes to them this easily accessible avenue, opening up the whole road of human emotions in the world at large. Is it any wonder that they have turned to it, not only in our own big cities, or out in poorly nourished country districts, but all over Europe, in Mexico, in South America, in China, in India, in the very heart of Africa?

The tremendous ovations given Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford in world centers, like London and Paris, are no more than a tremendous, spontaneous outburst of gratitude on the part of the mentally starved of the whole human race to the profession and the industry which has rescued them from a veritable spiritual darkness and bondage.

It is too soon as yet to be able to judge of the effect of this newly awakened world imagination in world affairs at large; but I am wholly convinced that the next generation will show a tremendous advance in the way of popular mental grasp of all things. A great deal of criticism is leveled at democracy because of the unthinking qualities of the mob. How could the mob be anything but unthinking after the countless centuries in which its highest faculty, the imagination, has been stifled and choked down within them? The motion picture is releasing that, taking off the gag, letting the mind of the race out into the world atmosphere, with the result unflinching to come that the despised mob will get the desire and the capacity to think more clearly.

Joe Cornbleth's well known phrase—"I'll be up to see you!"

CALL A
Yellow--
PEEKO 2

PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

Under the Magnifying Glass

BY THE MAN

BEHIND 'CLOSE-UP'

THIS MEANS MORE WORK

Hal E. Roach is back from New York full of enthusiasm over plans that will be put immediately into operation. While other producers are curtailing production, Mr. Roach has been maintaining a steady schedule with the same number of units which he will add to from time to time. While in New York arrangements were made whereby Harold Lloyd, his brightest luminary, will appear in six more feature comedies for Pathe, in addition to his current comedy, with no time limit set on production. Harry "Snub" Pollard will make four more one reelers and will then commence production of two-reel comedies, a three years' contract having been entered into by the producer for thirty-six of the latter product. Mr. Pollard has made 105 one reel comedies.

Mr. Roach will also release to Pathe the "Paul" Parrott Comedies, a three years' contract having been signed for these, production to commence shortly. Mr. Parrott has already made thirteen comedies. A new unit will be a children's comedy company in which the kiddies will have the leading roles, while the trained animals belonging to the studio zoo will also be featured. The comedies will be two reelers and there will be twelve in the first series. Negotiations are now under way with Tom MacNamara, whos Comis Strips are celebrated and who has had wide studio experience, to write the scripts. Bob McGowan has been engaged to direct the company and will be at the megaphone Monday. It has not yet been decided whether a permanent cast will be used for this unit, or to feature different children in the various comedies. "Sunshine Sammy," however, will be cast in all of them, according to present plans. When all of these units are well started, Mr. Roach will add others as he has two more units definitely outlined.

The healthy activity at the studios is the result of Mr. Roach's policy to produce the best comedies on the market and to be satisfied with nothing but the best. With his comedies in demand all over the world and making big profits for exhibitors, his policy has scored a signal victory.



THE SEEKER

By Barbara La Marr

I who have loved one thousand thousand times, and yet have not LOVED at all—

I who have explored the abysmal depths of love, yet have not found depths worthy of exploration—

I who have poured the oil of love on turbulent seas of emotion, and have seen its glistening multi-colored hues dull to drab, becoming a weighty, weightless slime, sinking to the bottomless bottom—

I who have gazed upon LOVE'S ETERNITY, yet unable to discover one Atom of time belonging wholly unto it—

Still seek on—striving for the unattainable, as a child attempts to reach the star it glimpses thru a rift in Life's storm clouds—

But, like that Child, yearning with tiny outstretched hands for the Star it can never hold,

I ACCEPT A TINSEL STAR, WHICH SCINTILLATES, AND GLEAMS—A-N-D—CRUMBLES AT THE TOUCH OF MY EAGER HANDS.

DOROTHY DALTON

(San Francisco Officials tried to Vaccinate this Star)

They tried to vaccinate her,

But she said, "She wouldn't do it!"

They then collected data

That when younger, she went thru' it.

—By M. L.

"BILL" DUNCAN AND EDITH JOHNSON

By Annie Imlah

"Bill Duncan, Miss Johnson, co-stars you are leading

The world in choice pictures, together you're seen,

(And one little fact I will state e're proceeding)

You are liked in real life as well as the screen.

In numberless wonderful pictures portraying

Much skill, talent, beauty, indeed there are few

Actors and actresses I have seen playing

Can compare, Mr. "Bill" and Miss Johnson, with you.

Altho, Mr. Duncan, your life work is claiming

Much time, from pictures may you ne'er depart,

I guess you can readily see I am aiming

To compliment you and the wife of your heart.

On the wife of your heart your fond love bestowing,

Sharing your life work, your wealth and your fame,

With love (a great blessing) your heart overflowing

For the beautiful woman you've given your name.

Miss Johnson, I gaze at your sweet face, enthusing

On its perfect beauty, proving married life

Is unusually happy. You were wise, William, choosing

The dainty Miss Johnson for co-star and wife.

To "Bill" Duncan, Miss Johnson, these lines I'm addressing,

I'm hoping this rhyme will give pleasure to you,

With "Close-Up" the kindest of wishes expressing,

Including this year of Nineteen Twenty-two.

Morrie Cohen is responsible for the following prediction: "If a Hebrew is ever elected Pope the Vatican will become a Pawnshop to the Nations."

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Marshall Lorimer
Editor and Prop.

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AN ESSAY ON FRIENDS

By Marshall Lorimer

*Friends I have known, and having
known despise them!
Much rather would I warm a scor-
pion in my breast;
For 't knows no better than to sting;
But friends they swim
In all your glory—your renown—
E'en steal your rest
To prove to you the noble durance
of their hearts,
By all the twists and snares that
round seductive arts.
Thus sueing all your honor, when
fortune in its affluence can
Cast its magic spell about them; but
ah! the difference—
Should lowering clouds of poverty
enshroud you,
Should the name they gently uttered
sink in shame,
When the stings of public odium has
sunk you low,
Who—of the many friends you
trusted once—proved true?
Who, from their ranks loyally sought
to shield your fame—
Trying to ease your heart of its load
of sorrow?
Alas! strange man, you either held
your world too high,
Or had not tasted life enough to
know it better,
For had you looked behind each smile
and tender sigh,
And mused on them; then happiness
had been your debtor.
For like the shadow—which outran
the hasty stride,
The friends we valued most, like
flowers have died,
At winter's touch their dainty petals
drooped,
And soon no vantage shows, where
once they grouped.*



DOROTHY MORGAN
A Clever Child Actress

AN ENGLISH JOKE

As told by that clever character actress, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

Deck Hand—"Why does the Steward mike more wiges than the Purser?"

Swabber—"Go blime me. Why?"

Deck Hand—"Because 'e 'as the Wittling of the Wittals."

(Now you tel! onc.)

BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON PRODUCTIONS

Clinking castinets and lace mantillas. Torrid tamales, throat scratching tortillas. Flapping sombreros and gold braided velvet trousers.

All of these will co-star with Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort in the next Benjamin B. Hampton production for Goldwyn, for Zane Grey, who has previously adhered to the American southwest for his locales, has invaded Mexico for the setting of "Golden Dreams."

Production on this new Hampton-Grey combination photoplay has just started with Jean Hersholt, Gus Peterson and Dick Rush handling directorial activities under Producer Hampton's supervision.

Scores of California's fairest daughters with the brunette cast of countenance that suggests Latin forbears will be selected as extras for some of the bigger scenes, supplementing a cast that is already plethoric.

Among the better known players seen in this new Hampton play are Frank Leigh, Bertram Grassby, Audrey Chapman, Madame Rose Lione, Frank Hayes, Walter Perkins, Babe London, H. Gordon Mullen, Edith Ward, Pemeron Cannon, H. Orlamund, J. Mitsoris and little Frankie Lee.

"Golden Dreams" is the second Hampton production for Goldwyn, "Wildfire," the first, having just been completed and shipped to the Goldwyn offices in New York City for release with'n a few months.

Stenographically speaking: Katharine M. Johnstone is responsible for the following: "Many a girl with long hands has succeeded in acquiring shorthand!"



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PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

Hand-Outs Along the Rialto

WHAT'S WHAT ON THE LOT

The following are a few future "First National Attractions" recently completed and now being made by the independent producers:

Cutting and Editing—(Los Angeles)

Thomas H. Ince's "Skin Deep," "The Hottentot," "Jim" and "Bellboy 13."

J. L. Frothingham's "The Man Who Smiled."

Charles Ray's "Smudge" and "The Deuce of Spades."

Anita Stewart in "The Woman He Married."

Katherine MacDonald in "Domestic Relations."

Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through."

Buster Keaton in "The Blacksmith."

Mack Sennett's "For Love or Money."

Constance Talmadge in "The Divorcee."

J. Parker Read, Jr.'s "Pawned."

John M. Stahl's "One Clear Call."

(New York)

R. A. Walsh's "Kindred of the Dust."

Richard Barthelmess' "The Seventh Day."

Hope Hampton in "The Light in the Dark."

In Production—(Los Angeles)

Norma Talmadge in "The Duchess of Langeais."

Mabel Normand in "Suzanna."

Maurice Tourneur's "Lorna Doone."

Charlie Chaplin's latest comedy.

Anita Stewart in "Rose O' the Sea."

Charles Ray in his thirteenth First National attraction.

Ben Turpin in "The Robin's Nest."

Mack Sennett's "On Patrol," with Billy Bevan, Mildred June.

Katherine MacDonald in a new story by Charles A. Logue.

Buster Keaton in a new comedy.

Thomas H. Ince's "The Brotherhood of Hate."

Richard Walton Tully's "The Masquerader."

Allen Holubar's "The Soul Seeker."

Marshall Neilan's "Fools First."

(New York)

Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny."

In Preparation

Thomas H. Ince's "Finding Home," "The Desert Fiddler" and "The Sunshine Trail."

THE "STORK" BRINGS A CALF

When Ben Turpin as christener and Mabel Normand as witness to the ceremony, a pretty brown and white calfette was christened at the Mack Sennett's studio last week. After using one of the mamma cow's horns to pry the bottle open, Ben Turpin sprinkled some near-beer over the calf which accepted the christening with a prolonged "ba-a-a-a-a." The calfette hereafter will be known as "susy," as it was on the "Suzanna" set where Mabel Normand was working that "Susy" was born.

Among the live props on the "Suzanna" set are about a dozen chickens, of the feathered variety, and the two cows, mamma and daughter. Shortly after arriving on the set mamma cow lay down and just wouldn't get up. Her owner was appealed to. After talking "cow" to the beast for a minute, the owner imparted certain information to Dick Jones, directing "Suzanna," the new Sennett production starring Mabel Normand.

"Dick" thereupon transferred the action of "Suzanna" to another part of the lot temporarily. On their return to the original set next day, the company noticed the cow's little reason for wanting to be quiet lying alongside her. Johnnie Grey, Mack Sennett's Pacific Coast champion title writer, was called in to decide what should be the calf's name.

Women seldom make up naturally—except with their vanity case! Reggie Barker's wit is ever keen.

Katherine MacDonald in "Conquer the Woman."

Hope Hampton in "The Isle of Dead Ships."

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SCREENING WHERE THE SCREENING'S GOOD

Broadsides

By ARGUS

Heard in Hollywood by Ralph Winsor:

"My wife sure has an original way of kissing."

"I'll say she has."

"What?"

"Er—so I've noticed."

* * *

Norman Taurog—"That fellow is like John, the Baptist."

Larry Semon—"How come?"

Norman Taurog—"He's just lost his head over dancing."

* * *

A Scott Sidney "gag":

Her lips are just like roses.

Ah, she's one of those "say it with flowers" girls.

* * *

Dr. G. E. Pryor, president of the Co-operative Optical company, arises to remark "That there are more calf-hunters on our city streets than can be found on our entire western ranges."

* * *

Well! Well! Mack Sennett, we're both in the same boat! Only the Fox company sues us two and a half times more than you. How can you stand for such negligence on their part?

* * *

Lloyd Ingraham claims that he saw three U. S. officials doing their best to keep our country dry. "Why, I saw them kill three quarts!"

* * *

If you can't locate your Irish friend, phone Klein's Kosher Restaurant. Clarence Badger knows.

* * *

May Allison will shortly return to filmland. She is thoroughly rested, and preparations are in order for her next: starring vehicle.

* * *

Stuart Holmes has nothing to say except that he couldn't find the furnace for the other things that he had in the cellar.

* * *

Mrs. Lewis: "That girl reminds me of flowers."

Edgar Lewis: "Yeh, she certainly is a blooming thing."

GREAT MEN

By Phil E. Rosen

We all know that Burbank is the greatest green grafter in the world, and it is said that Edison invented the talking machine; but we know he got the idea from women. Ford made the automobile (?) and caused a lot of cheap jokes to be made up, and forced upon the public. Bell, the man who invented the 'phone, was the cause of his customers learning a lot of new swear words. Franklin discovered electricity, which has caused us to be shocked every once in a while with bills.

Lucille Pinson asserts "That aigrettes are for the girl, while the man-nurses regrets."

* * *

If it is true, as rumor has it, that moustaches are coming back, then soup will lose its popularity, remarks Leatrice Joy.

* * *

When the "Schooner" was scrapped we lost all interest in this naval scrapping, exclaims Bertram Bracken.

* * *

Paying five dollars for a handkerchief is wasting a lot of money just to "blow in," says Roy Marshall.

* * *

Another fashion note: Anthony McCarthy says that the men's coats will be worn much longer. Yeh, I'm gonna wear mine about six months longer.

* * *

Lottie Pickford and her new husband must be very happy. He reads the newspapers over the dinner table when they dine in a Kosher restaurant, waiting for the Kosher waiter.

* * *

The women are certainly trying to make both ends meet nowadays. Ethel Broadhurst's own outburst.

Is Dr. James F. Holleran getting a religious streak? Here's his latest:

Irate Husband (to nagging wife)—"What in Heaven's name were women put on earth for anyway?"

Wife (tartly)—"To propagate the WORD."

* * *

Anyway, these ear-muffs that the girls are wearing never keep them from hearing dates. Gladys Brockwell wrote this.

* * *

Some of our best actors are developing into wonderful floor walkers, exclaims Grace Darmond.

* * *

Mary Warren started in pictures in 1911. She was first on the stage with Al Jolson in "Robinson Crusoe, Jr."

* * *

Archie Mayo chases bootlegger. At this time Archie was wearing pale blue golf stockings.

* * *

The Universal Picture—"Across the Deadline"—might have been called another dead one.

* * *

Marriage isn't a failure—to the parson who collects the fee, says Ruth Roland.

* * *

There seems to be a great number of stoop-shouldered men about nowadays. Due, of course, to smelling cellars. This is a Myrtle Stedman "gag."

* * *

Frank Liddell, that bright musical composer, and industrial organizer, is at present in his spare time inventing a noiseless soup.

* * *

Submitted by Pauline Curley: Policeman (to stew)—"Young lady, you must accompany me."

Young Lady—"Oh, offisher, I can't. I'm no musician."

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PERSONALITIES

POST'S CINEMATOGRAPHER KING OF DOUBLE EXPOSURE

George Benoit, who has made forty-nine exposures on one strip of film, thereby attaining the title of "king of double exposures," is the cinematographer for Guy Bates Post on "The Masquerader." This is the Richard Walton Tully production in which this distinguished actor will make his film debut. Since many of the scenes in this picture call for action between both of the characters played by the star, Benoit has promised that he will reveal some new stunts in the line of double exposures.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR

Gladys Walton, Portland school girl, who entered motion pictures two years ago, is crowding the field for honors, she is going to visit her home town on a personal appearance tour. Carl Laemmle characterizes her as "the greatest find since Mary Pickford." She will return to Universal City to begin work on a comedy-drama of the type in which she is popular. "The Guttersnipe," "The Wise Kid," "Pink Tights," "The Man Tamer," and "Rich Girl, Poor Girl," are among her productions.

ONE WAY OUT OF IT

By Mabel Normand

....Bob was without a doubt the handsomest life saver at the beach. He had saved a great many lives, and broke as many hearts with his good looks and indifference towards women and—flappers. Alice had tried to drown six times. Bob saved her, of course, but he got tired of carrying her out of the water; it was getting on his nerves—so he married her.

Alice weighed about 230 pounds.

Hotels make good hotbeds for gossip, so it isn't surprising that the Harlequin Theatre, located in the Ambassador Hotel, should present "The School for Scandal." The following performers were good: Mary Forbes, Jeffrey Williams, Lorimer Johnstone, Caroline Frances Cooke, occasionally Eric Snowden, and at no time Craig Ward.



MISS AGNES EMERSON

Heavy

Now Vacationing in San Francisco.

Mrs. A. B. Maescher, manager of the Commonwealth Motion Picture Producers, has engaged Miss Josephine Hill to play ingenue leads in a series of twelve five-reel western dramas which are being directed by Fred Caldwell.

* * *

A well know doctor states "That too many dates lead to stomach trouble."

Last week at the Kinema Theatre in Los Angeles, Hope Hampton made her debut in "Star Dust." Back in New York they are now editing Hope's recently completed photoplay, "The Light in the Dark." Her next production will be "The Isle of Dead Ships."

* * *

Fashion note by Jimmie Adams: Comedians should always wear, in pictures, their light fall suits.

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YOU?

PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

Bright Hints For Human Beings

By "US" or "WE"

AN INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR P. TEE

By Lyle Lans

This interview will be written through a pair of shell-rim glasses. Another unusual thing about this is that it is written in Mr. P. Tee's cellar (all directors have them now). You know if you ask a director what he wants most, he will tell you a pair of golf socks and a full cellar.

I noticed that Mr. P. Tee had all his bottles lined with cast iron. He does this to keep them from breaking. I later found out that he made his own "stuff" and that was the reason they had to be lined with cast iron. As near as I can remember just now, he used a half a pound of Hypo, one pint of film varnish, half a pint of liquid celloid, eighteen cakes of yeast, two dozen boxes of raisins and a bottle of red ink.

Mr. P. Tee was the director of the first photoplay starring an American "ccotie." It was entitled, "Tickle My Back." This picture also had some bathing beauties in it and Mr. P. Tee has had to wear glasses ever since. One of the greatest dramas Mr. P. Tee ever directed was the famous rolling pin masterpiece entitled, "What Every Woman Throws."

On the day that we went on location, Mr. P. Tee dressed me up like he was. I never imagined I would ever look as bad as I did. After we arrived on location, in the Hollywood hills, a boy brought Mr. P. Tee a message from his wife. The note stated that his home brew was boiling over. Mr. P. Tee then let it be known that he had to secure a new scenario and off he went for home.

The leading lady, hero, cameraman and myself then started a friendly game of poker, which caused me to sign a number of I. O. U's. I must say that it was a friendly game all right, in fact it really got personal.

After Mr. P. Tee and the cameraman got his "jiggernaut" all set up and ready, which took him nearly a half an hour, why Mr. P. Tee decided to "shoot" the scene some place else. They did this little impromptu drama by themselves until both of them were tired. All we "shot" that day was the ending of the picture, which

is a very good beginning for any one.

That night the Hero asked a number of lady friends over to his house and we started another friendly game of poker. This time I got a little personal myself and got some of my I. O. U's back. Mr. P. Tee wanted to play postoffice because he brought a lot of letters, but the others wouldn't agree to it.

The next morning at the studio Mr. P. Tee was taking a scene with the heroine going upstairs with a candle lighting her way. I wish I had candles that gave as much light as that one did, it sure would save my electric light bill.

Mr. P. Tee only lost three "doubles" for the hero in the last picture. One got dizzy on the thirty-third story of an office building and fell off while washing the window. I still think that it was a crazy idea for the hero to be washing windows, but Mr. P. Tee told me that it was a clean picture. Yeh, clean is right, I bet the "double" got a thrill when he went through the sidewalk.

The second "double" fell from an airplane while trying to light a cigarette when standing on his head. One can hardly blame him for falling off.

The third "double" and the last that they lost was walking home one night when he crossed the street and stepped between a pair of head lights. They said that he never knew what hit him. No doubt the lamps were dark.

At the rate the "doubles" are passing off, they will soon have to cut out all the heroes in the pictures.

While on the set the other morning the "prop" made a mistake and put a cuspidor in the bedroom of the heroine. The news got out that afternoon that the heroine chewed the Star plug. I later learned that Hollywood's Dirt Dishes caused all of this. Director P. Tee made the heroine admit that she smoked cigars, but did not chew the naughty weed.

Mr. P. Tee and Miss N. G. Newe, the star, got in the best fight I ever saw. He tried to tell her how to act and she tried to tell him how to direct. They called each other pet names and Miss N. G. Newe quit three times during the ten minutes of a sass battle she had started. The

studio manager came in, stopped the fight by saying that they both would have their salaries cut if they didn't stop at once. The fight ended as suddenly as it began.

I noticed one mistake that my friend director made and that was a scene supposed to be laid in 1900 and they had a Kewpie Doll on the piano. Now as far as I can remember, Kewpie Dolls were not made until about 1911.

Truthfully, I do believe that that mistake can be covered up by what I saw next. I must say that Mr. P. Tee has the ability to impress the public with his ideas. For instance, he made arrangements with the telephone company so that when the hero goes to the 'phone and asks for a number, he gets it at once. I was really surprised.

You know for a fact, I really do believe that they can get away with anything in the movies. Why, I've even seen the Hero get away with murder.

Stars have faded appetites when they dine "a la famille," but they scintillate in public.

* * *

Would a chemise be called a member of the underworld? Lloyd Ingraham wants to know at once.

* * *

All policemen should wear Armour underwear. Bullet proof, don'tcha know? Vin Moore pulled this one and slid out of the office.

* * *

Romance is a nice thing for young people to have, but it's a cinch they can't live on it. George MeFord is right.

* * *

The debutantes of this season are coming out as far as the law allows, says Jean Calhoun.

* * *

Doris Pawn—"What do you think of Phoenix, Arizona?"

Gasnier—"Well, after looking it over, I still like Phoenix Hose best."

* * *

Today by Ora Carew: Mothers raise their daughters and the daughters raise their skirts, both carefully.

* * *

Where's the woman that will admit she is not perfect? Malhon Hamilton wants this information.

PLEASE PATRONIZE—WHO ADVERTISE—IN "CLOSE-UP"

"HAIL THE WOMAN." STORY BY C. GARDNER SULLIVAN. DIRECTED BY JOHN GRIFFITH WRAY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY HENRY SHARP. SUPERVISED BY THOS. H. INCE. AT THE MISSION THEATRE. RELEASED BY ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL. REVIEWED BY SAM SILVERMAN

Flash back to last August. Seated in buffet car of Santa Fe, speeding to Chicago. Am reading the scenario and continuity of "Hail the Woman." Stranger, to me: "What have you there—looks like a scenario?" "Righto; that's just what it is. Like to read it?" "Thanks." Reads the brief summary. Hands it back. "Like it?" "No, I don't like it—and what's more, the public won't like it. And it is just that sort of thing that drives me back to Broadway, New York—back to the articulate stage. You see, I'm an actor—have been in the movies—and now—I'm thoroughly disgusted with the query, 'What's the matter with the movies?' Here is your best answer to that query—just this sort of tommyrot—these maudlin, insane mock-heroics—these rubber-stamp melerdrahmaws that seek to hide behind sacro-sanct themes—these Lincoln J. Carter thrillers that ought to be in a ten-twenty-third repertoire. Bah! I tell you, this is all wrong."

Fade out—and now for the review:

Unprejudiced, unbiased, and unhampered by professional verdict, or bombastic exploitation claims, I must confess my deep disappointment at the cinematic version of "Hail the Woman." An impossible juxtaposition of incidents that are nauseating in their nebulous import. I now quite agree with Mr. (name furnished on application) that there isn't much to this opus by Sullivan—and I'm surprised that Ince has given it such a panoplied presentation. It's a weird, maudlin, asinine slice of life in the drab—a cruel, heartless, unreasonable series of incidents that mean

nothing at all. Kris Kringle, and his reindeers—the Cross, the Three Wise Men, the Sacred Camels,—all, all, the standard by-products that go to make up the usual religious drama, are carefully dove-tailed in bolstering up a story that reeks with insincerity. Again, I quite agree with The Stranger on the Santa Fe.

Tully Marshall in his small bit as the "Odd Jobs" Man, had the most convincing portrayal in the cast; Theodore Roberts as Oliver Beresford was very effective, and Nan Higgins as played by Madge Bellamy was a good bit of acting. But this is far from a great picture—it isn't even a good picture—just a program number, that's all.

Florence Vidor as Judith Beresford failed to rise to the emotional heights called for in the script, and at no time impressed me as being in complete sympathy with the role. Lloyd Hughes as the son ordained for the ministry, but who backfired and elected to be a father to his dead wife's son, was fairly efficient in a thankless portrayal as David Beresford.

The dispassionate analysis of "Hail the Woman" forces again the conclusion that one is at a loss in appraisal of moving picture publicity and advertising. Superlative claims mean nothing at all—cinematic verbiage merits a thorough housecleaning—and some day a wise cracking advertising impresario will arise in our midst and give to words their proper and legitimate meaning. Until such time, the good Lord deliver us from such wrong-font creations as "Hail the Woman."

WILLIAM FOX FILM CORPORATION PRESENTS "SHAME," DIRECTED BY EMMETT J. FLYNN. FROM THE STORY BY BERNARD MCCONVILLE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LUCIEN ANDRIOT. MILLER'S THEATRE. REVIEWED BY EMMELL.

Although we haven't any particular love for the Fox Corporation, still in all fairness to them, and personally being an advocate for cleaner and better pictures, we emphatically state that "Shame" is worth while, both from a scenic—and active—radio point. Perhaps the theme might impress you as one which has been done in another form, but still the fact remains that in working out this feature Emmett Flynn and Bernard McConville went a great distance in the right direction in putting before you—heart throbs, thrills, perfect continuity, and correct atmosphere. The photography deserves a niche by itself, as you beheld visually a comprehensive artistry displayed. Mr. Andriot deserves your highest commendation for this. To our way of thinking not any particular person in the cast was more worthy of being specifically starred. The entire "ensemble" is an all-star affair. John Gilbert perhaps had the most to do, both as himself and his own father, and he rose to the right histrionic heights at all times. His is a new face in our midst, but we're under the impression that it will become a very familiar one before many moons have passed. Doris Pawn not only

looked the part, but her acting was a convincing document of emotions. George Siegmann played the heavy with a true regard for minute detail, and brutal fidelity. He is unusually good. William V. Mong seems to stand in a class by himself, his unabstrusive (?) personality has a way of lingering in one's memory long after the feature is seen. George Nicholls rendered as usual a telling characterization. Frankie Lee is a genuine product of naturalness. The same thing can also apply to Micky Moore, but being younger, his appeal is greater. Rosemary Theby was well cast, and knew it. Her languorous charm made her more than charming in the Weaver of Dreams. Anna May Wong without a doubt is the best Chinese young actress in America. Fred Kirby played one of those seamy parts most effectively. His makeup was perfect. Herbert Portier and Mary Huntree, as the father and mother respectively, showed the utmost knowledge in screen delineation. So you can gather, after our enthusiastic review, that "Shame," its Director, Author and Stars and Starlets form an incomparable entirety sufficient to make a film a Classic!

Hollywood Low-Down from the Heights

(Continued from Second Cover Page)

time (now you tell one) and stay a couple of days. Then, too, as the final sob touch, the blonde's favorite, the old "horse-thief" had faded out of the picture for good, so you see I am in earnest when I say I have learned, studied, graduated and received the glass of hot fish as my diploma, and I am really going to do something that even you may be proud of me. "Thanks for the candy—call me up

some time, my phone's out of order." So as the little cuckoo birds in the eucalyptus trees outside the door are twittering "Till we meet again," I, too, echo their sentiments in my gin contralto and say "Good-a-bye, Joe."

Quite the same,

RUTH LOWREE SMART (Herself).

P. S.—I still insist that if you would only grow a moustache and carry a black-snake, you could easily double for Simon Legree. N'est-ce-pas?



CATHRINE CURTIS

Who has been responsible for some of the finest Cinema Productions in our midst. She started her screen career in playing in Harold Bell Wright's "Shepherd of the Hills," playing opposite George McDaniel. At this writing Miss Curtis is negotiating with financial magnates in New York City. Incidentally it was she, as President of the Curtis Film Corporation, who instigated, or produced, the "Sky Pilot," directed and known as a King Vidor Production.